

New Year's Eve

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New Year's Eve

by [J3llySl0th](#)

Summary

Based on a piece of fanart I saw on Tumblr! Check it out!

Notes

Context: it was New Year's Eve, and I was browsing Tumblr. I came across an amazing piece of Steddie art and was like, "I need a fic for that NOW." Here it is, in my usual short and sweet style. I'm not good at dragging things out.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

This isn't exactly where Eddie Munson thought he'd be on New Year's Eve.

When the year began, he was the same Eddie he's always been; the unapologetic town freak. He intended to stay that way.

1986 had other plans.

He was standing (or rather sitting) watch at the Hawkins New Year's Party with the one he'd once considered an enemy. They had to keep watch for any idiots trying to ruin the party. He kept Dustin on a walkie in case of emergency. The three of them had been making small talk all evening, from DND to the year ahead.

So yeah, not exactly what Eddie had envisioned. Patrolling a party for the town that treated him like shit with his best friend and the guy of his dreams? That didn't sound like him... and yet here he was.

"Dustin here, coast clear." The crunchy sound of his voice came through the walkie.

"What a year, huh?" Steve muttered.

"Tell me about it! I can't believe I became a suspect for multiple murders, found out there's a Hawkins 2.0 which, by the way, is even shittier than the original, yuck!" Both men chuckled at that. "Fought a demonic beast and almost died like what? Three times?" It really was quite the year, and that was only spring break!

A strange confidence stirred in Eddie. I mean, what better time than right before midnight?

"And yet... I haven't gained enough courage to kiss you."

Steve froze, a blush creeping onto his face. Of course Eddie would drop such a bombshell so nonchalantly.

"So what do you say, Steve Harrington? Wanna be my New Year's kiss?"

Steve stuttered, unable to get anything out. His face was now a deep rose. "I- umm... I-"

"I'll need you to use your words, Steve-O. Or just leave me here to die of embarrass-"

"Y-yes! Please?" He finally managed.

The crowd behind them counted down, "Seven, six, five, four..." The boys inched toward each other, unsure whether to pull back or keep going.

"Three, two..." Hands met cheeks, rings freezing already chilly skin.

"One! HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!"

They collided in a tentative kiss. It was gentle, almost chaste at first, but slowly built up steam. Eddie's hands carded through Steve's hair, reveling in the softness. For a moment, everything was quiet, serene, just them and this kiss.

Leave it to Dustin to ruin the moment. "Hello? Helloooooo? Hey?!?!" They broke the kiss with a startle. "Steve Goddamn Harrington, do you copy?!?! I'm not saving your freaking ass if-!" The walkie shut off with a click. The boys chuckled. Eddie raised his hand in a mock-toast.

"Happy New Year, Steve Harrington."

"Happy New Year, Eddie Munson. Maybe 1987 will be my year."

End Notes

Here's the art:

<https://at.tumblr.com/mardyart/new-years-eve-hawkins-fair-and-theyre-on-guard/ginzlbmsbzpu>

And another (better) fic for the same art by @matchingbatbites on Tumblr:

<https://at.tumblr.com/matchingbatbites/inspired-by-this-art-by-the-amazing/rnmzpyj64mnk>

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!